

Halo: Through The Eyes Of Andrew Fitzgerald

by ikanobori

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2005-09-25 04:47:11

Updated: 2007-10-01 02:21:20

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:50:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 10,233

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a reworked to death version of my previous Experimental Story that I submitted ages ago. It's about Halo 2 from a different angle. Update: Finished after a 2 year break. Woo freakin' hoo.

1. Chapter 1

****HALO: THROUGH THE EYES OF ANDREW FITZGERALD****

First Class Private Matthew Durham walked around the Cairo Station, a magnum as his sidearm. He was near the armory; it always made him feel more comfortable. He felt he would be ready for any Covenant attacks on the station. Little did he know, he would not be prepared for what was just about to happen.

El Tee Spade was dressed up in his best clothing. He was going to be present to watch Admiral Stanforth award two very special marines. The Master Chief, Spartan 117. The one who destroyed Halo single-handedly. Or so he had been told. There was a lot of dirt talked about 117. He wanted to punish those who had.

Suddenly, his watch beeped. He swore, the show had just started. He ran out of the large-windowed room and double timed himself to get to the award show on time. He was just about to enter a room, a large blast door led into a small area, which would lead him to the presentation. The door was locked. He swore again, and turned around when suddenly, the door exploded.

Private First Class Andrew Fitzgerald was awoken from his sleep by a large explosion. He looked pale, he hadn't slept in three days because of jetlag. This was the first time he had slept in a long while and he was angry. He didn't feel like going outside his room to check where the explosion came from. Then, a wailing siren came over the ship's COM, and Admiral Stanforth's voice came over the COM.

"This is not a drill! I repeat, this is NOT a drill!" said Stanforth, with urgency in his voice. Andrew shook with fear. This was going to be his second time fighting the Covenant, and he was scared. He already had his marine suit on, all he did was grab his Battle Rifle, two fragmentation grenades and a magnum. He quickly applied all this to his body. Then, he ran out to be greeted by several grunts, four foot tall creatures with grey, scaly skin, and colored 'humps' on their back, it would be a different color, depending on their rank. A red armored grunt, a veteran, withdrew his plasma pistol. It was a small weapon, it pulsed green where the barrel was. Andrew saw it, and opened fire. A three "round blast hit the grunt in the hand, knocking the plasma pistol from his reach, then two more blasts hit the grunt in the chest. Cobalt-colored blood sprayed the bulkhead, and two more grunts appeared from the side. They were new, and pretty much had no combat experience besides the VR simulation they were given on humans.

"That what they look like?" asked a grunt, with broken English. Andrew fired one burst into the grunts head, and cobalt blood splattered the carpeting. The last one, noticing there were no more of his squad mates left, squealed and ran down the hall. Andrew came out of his room, and shot the grunt in the orange colored hump on his back, which came through the other side of his body. The grunt gasped for more methane in his tanks of it, but could not breathe and slowly died. Andrew breathed heavily, knowing that he had survived another battle against the Covenant. His thought was proven incorrect, as a loud roar came from the end of the corridor. Andrew turned his head to see a meter tall creature, armed with a navy blue gun glowing a sky blue at the end. He saw Andrew and raised his sidearm to somewhere about rib level, and opened fire. A long, blue streak of plasma was headed right for Andrew's body. It impacted, and he saw his own red blood hit the floor without a sound. He wanted to scream, but couldn't. Everything went blurry and he almost blacked out, when he heard a marine yell, "Firing!" and a large number of bullets hit the elite, and it's special shield generator flickered, then died. Two more bursts hit the elite, and it fell into a puddle of its own purple blood. Andrew quickly forgot about the wound, and saw the marines turn a corridor, about five of them. He waved, and they ran over to him.

"Hey man, are you okay?" asked a marine with a thick Spanish accent. "You look like you took a pretty nasty plasma wound there."

"I guess so. This is only my second time fighting the Covenant, I guess I'm not used to the pain." Andrew replied, flatly. Suddenly, an Anzac marine screamed in pain, fired three sustained bursts into the air and fell down. A gold-armored elite shone bright in the fluorescently lit halls over the station, a meter long bluish object glowed in his right hand. A marine swore, quite loudly, and opened fire with his tactical SMG, sub machine gun. It was a handheld machine gun that fired just like a thirty caliber turret, except it shot 5 millimeter bullets, and was meant for close corridors. The marine wasted the whole clip into the elite warrior, and didn't have time to reload. He paid dearly for not thinking ahead. There was a lot of red blood on the carpeting of the station, so much that Andrew almost vomited. One of the marines, obviously a commander, had armed himself with a shotgun and fired three shells into the large creature. The first shell had killed the shield generator, the second shell blew a hole with the diameter of 12 inches, and the third was just for good measure. The commander led the way forward toward a

blast door. He heard banging on one side of the door, then there was a large spark from a welding tool. The commander screamed, "Get away from here! They're going to bust through the door! I'll stay here and hold them off, get going and find a way out of here!"

"Sir, you can come with us! If they seeâ€¦" Andrew was cut off by a grab from behind by the Spanish marine. He ran with the marine down the hall, trying to get out. Andrew looked back one last time, then heard the explosion and turned back to see the end of the hall. They ran through the door and heard the final words of the commander:

"I'll kill you all! Bring it on youâ€¦" and the words were cut off by the sound of the door shutting. Andrew and the other marine entered another room, fires set all around and a dead elite, along with two dead grunts. The saw a flight of stairs, then ran up them and the heard shouts from beyond a door. It opened, and they were on a raised platform. There were two other marines nearby, one on a thirty caliber turret, the other, a well dressed marine with a magnum. He was taking cover behind a titanium bulwark. The Mexican marine, Diego, cried out as about twenty plasma bolts hit him all over. Blood splattered all over the walls and on the stairs. He dropped his SMG, and two fragmentation grenades dropped to the floor. Andrew ripped the dog tag off of him, stuffed it in his chest pocket and ran toward the two marines. Three plasma bolts hit the marine on the thirty caliber turret in the head, each penetrating the dark-green helmet on his head, all the skin melted away revealing flesh and bone. Andrew quickly took his place on the turret and began firing onto the Covenant on the floor. Two grunts dropped to the titanium-a deck plating and he killed his first elite, it was cobalt colored. The marine behind bulwark fired three shots at a grunt, two of them hitting a grunt, the last hitting the floor harmlessly. Andrew was keeping a steady fire on the Covenant coming from the purple ship sticking through one of the large windows in the Cairo. The door opened again, and a seven foot tall monstrosity with bright green armor and a BR-55 Battle Rifle walked through. It was Spartan 117, the last one of them. The failed project, known as SPARTAN-II. He ran toward the two marines, and picked up the two fragmentation grenades that had once belonged to the greenhorn known as Diego. He also picked up four plasma grenades on the way. He began firing down onto the Covenant, when he saw a grunt light up a plasma grenade and throw it across the floor. It stuck to a very young marine, who ran forward and shouted right before he died, "Tell my mom I love her!" His lifeless corpse flew into the air, and his weapon hit the ground along with a grenade. An anger Andrew had never felt before flew through his veins after seeing that marine die. He began firing a lot faster at the aliens now, killing them faster now. A large smirk grew across his face and he cried, "Hey, aliens! Why don't you turn down the suck!" He killed a few more, then growled, "Here's something to remember me by!" and fired three more shots into a dead elite. Suddenly, the flow of aliens stopped. Covenant blood streaked the floor, the bulkheads and the windows. He lifted himself off the turret, and walked over to the end of the raised platform. Outside, he saw Covenant boarding crafts leaving another station, known as the Malta.

"Hey, check it out. The Malta's fending off the boarders." Said a young marine on the floor of the docking bay. Cortana, an Artificial Intelligence in Spartan 117's armor said over FLEETCOM, "Malta, what is your status? Over."

The Admiral of the Malta replied excitedly, "Iâ€|don't believe it! They're retreating, we won!"

As soon as the Admiral of the Malta finished that sentence, the Malta station exploded in a ball of orange and yellow flame, and there was a loud burst of static as the COM conversation was suddenly cut.

"Good Lordâ€|" said the marine dressed in the white suit as he witnessed the explosion of the Malta. There were hundreds of thousands of marines, both young and old, on that ship. They were all gone now. They were gone, and never coming back. A marine with a downed look on his face walked toward the blast door, and lay his head on it. He moaned, depressed. He might have had a friend on the Malta. He might have had a family member on the Malta. It was scary nonetheless. Suddenly, the blast doors disappeared in a blue light. The blue light absorbed the marine, he was pushed back about five meters, blood streaked across the floor. There were two cobalt armored elites, along with several grunt, one of which was a veteran were there. They opened fire on a marine who was trying to hide near a docked 'Pelican', a human drop ship. Plasma blasts engulfed him, and he fell back into a puddle of his own blood. He screamed as the plasma sunk into his body. The Spartan jumped down, and began to fire on the Covenant troops. Andrew could barely see any of the action, he only knew that two marines were KIA at the moment. He ran over to another section of the raised platform, he was right on top of the Covenant. He saw blood spray into the air, and he threw a fragmentation grenade into the middle of the formation of the Covenant. It was very well placed, and it finished off the last of the Covenant here. The Master Chief ran through the opening in the docking bay, Andrew climbed down a ladder and followed. He ran through a hall, and saw a man who had a white suit, covered in soot, blood and dust now. There were sections of a blast door around him. He crouched near the man, and removed his dog tag. It read:

LT. PETER SPADE, CAIRO STATION, ROOM 0122

He tucked it into his pocket, and ran forth. There was a freckle faced youngster, missing a helmet and covered in blood. He had an SMG in his hands, and was shaking badly. There was a Mexican marine, taking cover behind a wall, without any injuries. The Spartan ran out into the open and from what Andrew could see, there were two grunts on plasma turrets, firing non-stop leaving the marines pinned down. There was a boarding craft on the other side, pouring out Covenant troops onto the other side. They were planning on moving forward to kill the marines there. The Spartan killed the two grunts by shooting them in the head. The three remaining marines ran forward and began firing short, sustained bursts at the Covenant boarding parties. They would fire about two bullets, then would duck behind one of the large supply boxes. The Spartan sprinted toward the destroyed blast door to the right of them. Andrew fired three bursts, killed two grunts and reloaded. He took the second clip out of his ammo pack, there was one clip left after this one. The Spartan reappeared on the raised structure, and fired down as the marines became more confident, and began to push the boarding party back. Soon after, there were none left. The Spartan jumped down, and ran through a door leading down somewhere. Andrew heard an order over the COM to return to the first Pelican docking bay. He, and the other two marines ran back into the docking bay where the Pelican was located. They jumped into the side

seats of the Pelican, along with three other marines and a commanding officer. The two Pelican pilots closed the open door of the Pelican in the back, and they flew out of the Cairo station. The officer soon briefed them on what had happened.

"Marines, the Covenant have located Earth, and landed successfully in New Mombassa, and we're going down there to take out the trash. Make ready for anything. Oh, and whatever your name is that's missing a helmet? Here's a medical kit." Said the officer, and he threw a white, octagon shaped box with a red cross hastily painted on top to the freckle faced youngster who opened it like a child getting a gift and used all the supplies in it. He soon looked a lot better.

****New Mombassa, 4 hours ago.****

Michael Watson patrolled an apartment complex in New Mombassa, it was a boring routine. Everyday, every floor making sure no Covie got through. He decided to go out of the complex, and visited some other marines taking a break from patrolling. They began chatting, and talking about how much their job sucked. They saw a young man yell something in a different language at them. It was a direct insult, and Michael fired a two round burst at the guy who was yelling at them from a balcony. The bullets broke the railing of the balcony, and the young man whimpered, then ran back inside. The marines laughed and they decided to explore the city. The eight of them went to an area where some stairs were located. It was a restaurant they went to daily. Right before Michael opened the door, the sky blackened, grunts and elites dressed in black armor and special explosive weapons charged toward the marines. The marines tried fighting back, but there were too many Covenant. The marines were all slaughtered, brutally. Red blood was all over the place as more Covenant troops advanced throughout the city, destroying everything in their path.

Next Chapter: Outskirts

2. Chapter 2

****CHAPTER TWO: OUTSKIRTS****

The Pelican entered the docking bay of In Amber Clad, safe and sound. They had to stop to fill up on some more marines, fuel and ammo.

"Alright men, rest up for a little, I'll tell you when to come on back." Said one of the two Pelican pilots. The marines jumped to the titanium floor deck plating, their black boots clanging on the metal. Andrew then recognized the officer. He had the same white suit on, he was a Sergeant. They double-timed themselves out of the docking bay, and into a cafeteria on the ship. Some marines there were drinking beer, wine and other things. Some were eating a variety of foods, such as chicken, turkey; ham all assortments of delicious meat. They didn't have time to eat or drink, it was time for battle. The marine with freckles dotting his face, his name turned out to be David, stayed by Andrew. There was one more marine, he was Mexican, who stayed up with them. His name was Omar. The door opened, and then slammed shut. They got to a room with weapons in compartments with ammo, medical kits, supplies and assorted treats for the marines. Andrew grabbed ten clips for his Battle Rifle, he also grabbed an

S2-AM Sniper Rifle, and four clips for that. He slung the sniper rifle over his shoulder, and the four clips into the ammo/grenade pockets assorted on his belt and body armor. He grabbed a magnum, and six clips for it, then tucked that in as well. He put the half-dozen fragmentation grenades in his pack, strapped tightly on his back. Soon, other marines rushed in, grabbing all the equipment and supplies that they could. He heard over FLEETCOM, "Marines, Covenant forces have discovered Earth. Please board you Pelicans in an orderly manner, and make sure you have your weapons. I repeat, Covenant forces have invaded Earth, grab supplies and board your Pelicans."

Andrew ran toward to the docking bay, and met up with his original troop, along with about three others. One, a female marine was armed with a 'jackhammer', in marine slang. In reality, it was a handheld, two tube rocket launcher. She had an SMG in her side holster. The sarge had a Battle Rifle in hand, a magnum in the side holster. The same with the other three marines. There were eight marines in all. They boarded the Pelican, and flew off In Amber Clad.

"Alright, we're in the air. Get ready to land, and shoot until there's nothing left." Said Sarge, excitedly. "You all know that I am Sergeant Jonathan Halloran! We're going to win!"

"Uhâ€|sir, what exactly is that?" asked a pilot, pointing forward to a monstrous, spider like creature move forward, it had a large, pulsing blue light on the center. It was huge. It charged up the gun, and fired. It hit one Pelican, the one that the Spartan was in, another Pelican flew off to the side, and their Pelican went off to another side. Andrew saw a beach, some Covenant soldiers, and then everything went white.

Andrew woke up quickly. He was bleeding, and he might have cracked a rib, but other than that, he was fine. He still had his sniper rifle strapped to his back, along with everything else, minus his Battle Rifle. He located it, and crawled out of the wreckage and reached for it. A sniper rifle burst came dangerously close to hitting his hand, but splashed harmlessly in the water. He backed up, and bumped into the Sergeant.

"Sorry, sir." He said. The Sarge was still alive; he was bleeding down one side of his face. There was a dead marine, covered in blood in the water. His SMG floated in the water. It was one of the marines Andrew didn't know. He was going to grab his dog tag, and then remembered about the sniper. The seven remaining marine woke, and they were all a little injured, but had all of their equipment. Andrew grabbed his sniper rifle, and slowly moved to the end of the Pelican and took aim. There were four elites out there, and a 'jackal', a vaguely birdlike creature armed with a sniper rifle. Andrew got a shot in on the creatures head, blowing it's brains out of the back of it's head. He then put the sniper rifle back. He grabbed his BR-55 and the other marine's dog tag.

PRIVATE WALLACE, JOEY IN AMBER CLAD ROOM 8567

He stuffed it in his chest pocket. He saw the freckle faced youngster, not hurt in any way take a look at the pilots. Crimson blood splattered the cockpit, and David vomited.

"Sarge, we got a whole troop of elites of there! They're special

operations, too!" said Omar, to Sarge.

The Sarge cursed under his breath. "Alright, people we got company. We're going to have to rush the beach."

There was an awkward silence, then a cheer from the marines. They all checked their gear, and came out of the wrecked Pelican. The water was about ankle deep, and they charged forward. A grunt armed with a fuel rod, the equivalent of a human rocket launcher saw the humans rushing up the beach and fired four shots. The green bursts of plasma landed all around the beach, melting away the sand. Four grunts went down from headshots, and two elites from a rocket blast.

"Marines, we're taking this beach!" the Sarge shouted. The last two grunts went down easy. There were three elites left, armed with plasma rifles. They opened fire on the humans and hit the Sarge. He wasn't affected at all. Andrew fired the last two shots from his sniper rifle, emptying the clip. The two elites went down. Suddenly, a gold elite appeared, with a plasma sword. The marines opened fire, and a rocket blast skimmed the elite, bringing the shield generator down, it then went invisible.

"Anybody see him?" asked Omar. Then, he suddenly cried out. Blood sprayed David's face and he made a face. He was smart enough, and ducked a sword that almost hit him in the head. He threw a grenade under the elite, rolled back and fired two three round bursts at the elite, when the grenade went off. The elite was revealed, and was blown into bits.

"Woo!" cried Sarge. "Cut down into the prime of existence!"

The beach had been taken, and they moved inside a tunnel, littered with civilian bodies littered everywhere, along with destroyed cars. There were two 'ghosts', Covenant hovercrafts painted purple with two repeating blasters under the hood and two vents on the side, which could cut any human in half. There were two marines lying on the ground, covered in blood along with two grunts with large holes in their heads. There was a somewhat damaged warthog a few meters away from them. They ran to it, and had three marines hop on in. There were three other marines, guarding the floor. Andrew was on the corner, looking through his sniper rifle scope, ready to fire on any Covenant forces that decided to come within range. The sky outside blackened, and six pods landed on the beach, and they burst open, revealing six elites armed with plasma rifles, and immediately opened fire in a different direction. There must have been some other marines out there. He put a cap in the back of a red elite's head, blowing its brains out, and freeing it from reality. Two other elites were sucked under another warthog, a human jeep with a passenger seat, and a 30mm chain gun on the back. Two sniper blasts from a jackal killed the gunner on the other 'Hog, leaving only one man left. The soldier drove inside the tunnel. It was the Master Chief, Spartan 117. Two marines hopped on the 'Hog, one of them was David. The other was Sarge. There were now two marines, the female one he had seen earlier and Andrew. Both of the warthogs killed the remaining Covenant forces on the beach, and drove off into the blackness of the tunnel.

"There's a Pelican coming here to pick us up. They're moving us to a different area, a bridge." Said the female marine. Her name was Kelly, and she was armed with a rocket launcher. "Here, we're going

to switch weapons, okay?"

Andrew had no idea why she wanted a Battle Rifle instead of a rocket launcher, but he obeyed her orders. They also swapped ammunition. A Pelican then landed down a few meters away, and they jumped onto the beach, hopped into the Pelican and flew off.

The bridge was already littered with wreckage, and there were civilian bodies, plus cars and trucks scattered around the bridge. They were dropped down near the end of the road tunnel the 'Hog had entered. Then, Andrew spotted something in the distance. Rather, _heard _something in the distance. A massive leg crushed a section of the bridge, and Andrew let loose on the Scarab with his rocket launcher. The rockets splashed harmlessly on the Scarab belly. It ignored them, and made its way down the bridge. They heard an explosion _inside_ the tunnel this time, and the scream of two marines. It wasn't too far away, and Andrew looked down the tunnel to see a wrecked and burning warthog, along with the Master Chief walking down the tunnel with a marine slung over his shoulder. It was David. The marines snapped to attention when they saw him, and they went at ease quickly.

"Sirâ€|" asked Kelly, "What happened to the other 'hog?"

"They were killed by the Scarab. They got a little ahead of us when the beam came down, obliterating them all." Replied the Chief. "Mine was hit by a bunch of plasma fire; I was able to save one of them. His leg is burned pretty nastily, and he's bleeding."

Just then, a Pelican touched down and Sergeant Avery Johnson hopped out. There was a Scorpion, a tank on the Pelican, and they dropped it.

"Where's the rest of your platoon?" he barked.

"Wasted, Sarge." Replied Kelly.

"And we will be too sir, if we don't get the hell out of here!" said Andrew. He was about to crack.

"You hit marine?" asked Johnson.

Andrew stuttered. "N-no sir. We do have one injured; he's already on the Pelican, though."

"Alright." Johnson replied, "Then listen up! The Master Chief is gonna jump in this tank, roll across this bridge and blow up any inhuman son of a bitch dumb enough to get between him and the Prophet of Regret. Buck up, marines! 'Cause you're goin' with him."

"SIR, YES SIR!" the marines replied in unison. Johnson boarded the Pelican, and it flew off into the distance.

****Next chapter: **Metropolis**

3. Chapter 3

****CHAPTER THREE: Metropolis ****

The seven foot tall Spartan hopped into the Scorpion tank, and the two marines hopped on the jump seats. They had to clear this bridge, along with a few hundred Covenant soldiers, and destroy the Scarab. Also, make it out alive. It was now 7:00 in the morning, and the sky was awakening, not with a nice sunny morning, but explosions on the horizon, and a smoky sky. The tank started up, and began its long journey down the bridge.

Before they had even begun their journey, two Covenant gees appeared from behind a road block, firing their plasma bolts wildly, but they didn't stand a chance against a 105mm projectile from a 55-ton machine made out of titanium. The Elite inside the first gee was ripped in half, and purple blood spewed onto the bridge. The second gee had a chance to move in and rip the marines to shreds, but then it caught a rocket from Andrew's launcher. The Elite's head was knocked right off, and the gee was trashed. They moved on, only to be fronted by a whole fire squadron on gees. Another 105mm shell hit a gee dead on, flipping it along with the pirate high into the air. There were six gees left, and the Chief kept them busy with rapid fire machine guns under the main gun, while the main gun automatically reloaded. Kelly was hit by four plasma bolts, and blood slowly leaked out of her side. She made a moaning sound and fired on the gee, but the BR-55 didn't have a snowballs chance in hell of penetrating the gee's dense armor plating. Andrew let loose the last rocket from his tubes, and hit the gee's wing, blowing the hell out of the pilots arm, who then bailed out of the gee. An explosive shell hit two gees at once, and it created some fireworks for the marines, due to plasma grenades that were ignited by the tank shell.

'Guanine looked up at the sky, as he lay in a pool of his own blood, missing an arm. He knew he would be killed one day, the humans were cowards, hiding behind their machinery. He heard the rumble of the brown object come closer, and everything soon went black. The remaining bones in his body collapsed in on them self, and blood sprayed the objects treads.

Kelly made a face as purple blood splattered her legs, random spots on her body. The ghosts were blown to bits, and they moved on. Two more gees came at them, one by one, and were blown up as fast as they had come. A Covenant drop ship stopped next to the slow moving tank, and opened fire on it. Andrew was protected from the blasts, due to the fact that he was on the _back _jump seat, but it was a different story for Kelly. She was hit dead on, and her torso dissipated from the heat of the plasma. All three guns were blown off quickly, but Kelly was gone. One more ghost came at them, and the pilot turned around after seeing the tank. Big mistake on the pilot's part. He had exposed his gas tank, and was hit with a tank shell. The ghost was obliterated. A huge plasma mortar flew into the air, and almost hit the tank. There was an enemy tank, known as a Wraith by the marines, firing down on them. The Spartan fired a tank shell at the heavy armor, or at least what he could see of the Wraith, and the tank collapsed in on itself. Three ghosts appeared, but were blasted by an unknown rocket blast. An Anzac marine hopped down, and waved to the Master Chief. He hopped onto the jump seat, opposite of where Andrew sat. A Mexican marine with a sniper rifle hopped down, and jumped onto the front jump seat. They moved on, and two more ghosts appeared. This was getting too repetitive. Andrew fired a rocket at one ghost, blowing it up.

"Killing you bugs is getting too damn easy." He said flatly. It was

getting boring. He was almost asleep, when he noticed that they were at the end of the bridge. Six banshees appeared over the horizon, and slowly began to toy with the humans, as they slowly turned around. The Chief had nailed two of them already, and the Anzac marine had gotten one, Andrew had gotten one, also. The other two retreated, noticing their dead comrades. Two Wraiths burst out of a tunnel, leading down into yet another tunnel. The Wraiths never really stood a chance, as four rocket blasts, along with two tank shells hit the tanks. The marines headed down to the tunnel. A grunt, hiding behind a truck, was killed by the tanks machine guns. A warthog spotted them, and drove down toward them. There was a road block up ahead, and three Jackals guarded it. The Chief fired on shot from the tank, and that area was clear. All four soldiers hopped off the tank, and the warthog parked a few feet away from them. A female marine ran up to the Master Chief, armed with a shotgun.

"It's tight quarters on the other side, sir. Use this." She said, and handed him the shotgun. The Master Chief gave her an SMG. The fire squad ran up onto a ramp, located below were civilian bodies, blood and destroyed civilian vehicles. A meter away, Covenant patrols looked throughout the area for anything moving. The fire squad jumped down, and went toward the Covenant soldiers. An Elite immediately saw them, pointed and ran forward. The Covenant soldiers barked as they saw the soldiers. Four Grunts, two Jackals and one newbie Elite ran forward. Two plasma bursts from the Elite's weapon hit a marine. He yelped, and then opened fire on the Elite. Two rocket blasts caught the Elite, and he flew backwards. What was left of him, anyway. A Grunt ignited a plasma grenade and threw it onto one of the destroyed vehicles. This wasn't good. There were three marines between two of the vehicles, one of the grenades was too close for comfort. The grenade exploded, along with two marines and another vehicle. The female marine was the only one who had made it out of there alive. The other two marines weren't so lucky. The Master Chief jumped high into the air, and brought the butt of the shotgun down onto the creature's skull, crushing it. A crimson armored Elite ran forward, and saw the Chief. He fired at him until his rifle overheated.

"Back to hell, demon!" he cried in broken English. Andrew fired a rocket at the Elite, and blood sprayed the paved road. He reloaded, this was his last tube before he had to switch out for his sniper rifle. A sniper shot hit the Chief, and his special shield generator flickered, then died. He took cover behind a red truck. His shields recharged quickly. Andrew fired his last shot from his launcher, and dropped it. He took out his sniper rifle, and a sniper shot almost hit him. He took a blind shot, a Jackal screeched and fell from a roadblock. The soldiers moved forward, when they were ambushed by four grunts, a Jackal and one Elite. It delivered one hell of a blow to the female marine's head, killing her. Andrew was too close to the Elite. He fired, and the bullet over penetrated the Elite, spraying blood onto the Jackal, who freaked out and shot two of his allies in the face, both Grunts. A Battle Rifle shot nailed him through the skull. The two remaining Grunts fell from two Battle Rifle shots. Chris re-slung his sniper rifle, and took out his SMG. He knew that if something like this happened again in close corridors like this, he wouldn't live to see home again. He ran over to the Jackal and shouted, "Here! This'll make the mourners job easier!" and fired half the clip into the Jackal's torso. The soldiers ran through a large pipe, and out into the sunlight. There was a platoon of Covenant soldiers in the area, along with fifteen snipers. A warthog drove around the structure the soldiers were patrolling. A sniper was

watching the warthogs movement, and prepared to fire, when it's spine was disconnected inside it's body. It died a slow and painful death.

The Master Chief looked at the warthog, standing over a dead Jackal's body. He jumped down, and the marines ran onto the structure, via a small bridge. A sniper spotted them, but caught a few bullets to the head before his finger hit the trigger. Two gee's patrolled the area below, and the both exploded when the Master Chief, now driving the warthog, sped by and a marine popped the gee's. A few more minutes passed, and the Covenant platoon was devastated. Covenant blood and bodies littered the ground. The Chief drove off, deeper into the city. The marine commander called in for an evacuation. The mission was not yet done, obviously. A Pelican arrived two minutes later, and the four marines hopped in as the Pelican flew off deeper into the city.

The marines landed on a building, there were probably about sixty, maybe seventy marines inside. Andrew was outside, on the opposite side of the building, manning a thirty caliber turret. There was no Covenant here, yet. But there was word that a Scarab was heading directly toward this area. The main fighting was going on in the front of the building. Suddenly, the sounds of battle stopped. Two Pelicans, one with a Scorpion tank, the other with five marines landed down on the road below. A Scarab turned the corner, just as the marines were prepared. The Scorpion fired a shot and it hit the Scarab directly, but with no avail. The Scarab charged up it's gun and let loose on the soldiers below. Everything below was lost in a fiery blast.

"See this look?" Andrew cried. "It's terror!"

"Marine, did I give you permission to bitch?" asked Sergeant Banks. The Scarab crushed a small bridge, and began walking forward, ignoring the marines.

"That thing is really startin' to PISS ME OFF!" cried Sarge. Just then, a large black pole began to fall. Andrew hopped off of the turret just in time, but Sarge wasn't so lucky. It knocked him on top of the head, destroying his brain. He died. The Scarab has knocked over that pole.

Andrew cried over the COM, "Marines, it's time to kill us a Scarab!" The marines ran outside, to see the Scarab walk under small bridges. Marines were lined up and firing onto the troops on board the Scarab. One marine fell off a bridge, after taking two plasma shots to the chest. He fell into the water, broke his neck and drowned. Andrew, along with twenty marines ran on the sidelines, trying to catch up with the Scarab. They were going to board it. Five marines were positioned on the last bridge, the others waited for the Scarab to pass by. Andrew and the Master Chief, plus fifteen other marines prepared to board the Scarab. It was stuck by a titanium block, so the marines fired down onto it. The troops were gunned down in no time. Fifteen marines jumped on board the Scarab, the Master Chief followed. The ran down into the Scarab's control room. The human soldiers were the last left on New Mombassa, the others had been evacuated. There was an Elite with white armor on board. Two rocket shots got it, and blood hit the deck. The two pilots, Elites in crimson armor turned around and met the same fate. Two grunts fired needles at one soldier, they exploded and the soldier was ripped in

half, and the Grunt fell from two shotgun blasts.

The marines got out of the Scarab, as a Pelican landed nearby.

"That's right you mothers! Run!" cried Sergeant Johnson. All fourteen soldiers hopped on board the Pelican as it flew off into the In Amber Clad. The Prophet of Regret was on board a carrier, probably a thousand times bigger than In Amber Clad. It was entering Slipspace, inside the city. The In Amber Clad followed, and the city was suddenly engulfed in a white blast from the pressure of entering Slipspace. The battle was won, but the city was lost. Now that they were in Slipspace, the marines might be able to relax. Andrew went directly to his room on the In Amber Clad, put on some normal clothes and lay down, trying to relax.

4. Chapter 4

****Before the storyâ€|****

I apologize for the lack of chapters. My computer has been through tough times lately, and I couldn't write any chapters. I really am sorry. I'd like to thank the people that reviewed my story. I am happy that you enjoyed it, and that you for the constructive criticism. Now, I present to you ladies and gentlemenâ€|

****CHAPTER FOUR: DELTA HALO****

Andrew tossed and turned in the bed, the sounds of battle still raging inside him. He hated when this happened. It had been a while since he got any sleep, and he was mad. His roommate was probably dead, Andrew didn't really know him, and he couldn't really feel sympathy for him. To make matters worse, In Amber Clad jerked out of Slip space, throwing Andrew out of his bed. He got up, and sat down in bed. This was just terrible. He decided to listen to the COM on the ship, and flicked on his radio.

"Cortana, what exactly am I looking at?" asked Captain Miranda Keyes.

"Thatâ€|" Cortana paused for a brief moment, and then added, "Is another Halo."

Fear struck Andrew, and he clicked the radio off. His dad was on the original Halo; Andrew was in basic when his father was KIA on the ring. He hated thinking about his father, and decided to step out of the room. He turned on the radio, but channeled out the chatter about what was now known as "Delta Halo".

Just then, a private COM conversation opened up with Andrew and the Captain.

"Private, I need you to hop on a Pelican. We've already landed a company of Helljumpers down there, and not a lot of them survived."

"Yes ma'am!"

Andrew shouted over the COM. He was a childhood friend of

Miranda.

Andrew rushed to the docking bay, and hopped on board the Pelican. He had a Battle Rifle, five clips and two fragmentation grenades. He was ready to head out, when an ODSST driving a warthog came into the docking bay. Andrew froze with fear. There was a lot of tension between the Helljumpers and marines. So much that you could cut it with a knife. He hopped out of the jeep, and it was attached magnetically to the bottom of the Pelican. The ODSST jumped on board, he had an SMG. Andrew couldn't see the expression of the ODSST beyond his thick armored helmet. The Pelican closed the back hatch, and flew down into the atmosphere of Delta Halo. The ride was a little rough, as usual, but they made it down in one piece. The warthog was dropped first, and then the marines landed on the grassy ground. A sickly-brown structure was to the right of Andrew, and one ODSST body was neatly placed on the ground, his dog tag removed and his ammo gathered. As soon as Andrew hit the ground, the Master Chief ran over to him and gave him a Jackhammer Rocket Launcher. It had a little drawing of a character holding the launcher forward. It said "Hold like this" on the bottom.

Andrew smiled and said, "Well, now that we're on the subject of good trades, how about we switch armor, too?"

The Pelican flew off, and quickly saluted the ground pounders.

"Alright, let's get on in." said an Anzac ODSST. He hopped on the turret, while Andrew hopped in the side seat. The Chief jumped into the driver's seat. There was still one ODSST left.

"I'll follow on foot." He said. The warthog drove off. It made a turn into a very rocky and narrow passageway. The warthog stopped for a brief moment, so the ODSST on foot could get ahead. They began driving again. The passageway ended soon, and three Jackal snipers waited for them on the edge of a cliff. A shot penetrated his head, and blood hit the velvety grass as he dropped. Another shot knocked Andrew's helmet clean off. The Chief hit the gas, drove forward and power slid to knock a Jackal right off of its feet. It cried and then fell off the cliff. The other two freaked out, dropped their rifles and ran. The gunner made quick work of them. There were three KIA already. This was not a good sign. The Spartan took a right, and they were on another narrow passage. They were dangerously near a cliff. There was another structure up ahead, with quite a few turrets around. One was very open, and that was the first gone. Andrew hit it with a rocket, and the Grunt flew back. The other guards noticed, and opened fire on the jeep. The glass broke, and shards hit the dashboard, some landed on Andrew's lap. A few more shots hit the warthog, one knocked Andrew's aim off, but he still hit a turret. The engine suddenly caught fire, and part of the warthog fell off, revealing a large chunk of the engine. The gunner took four shots in the back, but only two penetrated his thick armor. He swung the turret around and angrily fired on the Covenant foot soldiers behind him. An Elite's body shook and shivered as bullets forced him back until purple blood splattered the ground. Three Grunts, one a veteran with a white hump on his back tossed a grenade. It missed by a few meters, he and his buddies were taken down quickly. Andrew fired another rocket at a turret on a raised platform of land. The rocket hit, he saw purple and cobalt blood fly into the air. Four Covenant behind the turret were killed by that rocket.

"Woo! I think I just won the platoon pull!" he cried out. His happiness ended when a blue mortar-like object exploded behind the warthog, and the gunner was almost KIA.

"Watch out, Chief! Wraiths on the far side!" cried the ODS. He fired at the Wraiths, but they were too far away, and the bullets pinged off like mad. The Spartan ran over an Elite, crushing his bones with the tires. He left the Marines behind the structure, and went on the roof of the structure. Well placed Wraith shots hit the extendable bridge that protected the Chief, but to no avail. There was an opening in the middle of the roof, and a few well placed grenades eliminated whatever was in there. The Chief hopped down, and disappeared for a few seconds. The bridge suddenly lowered slowly, making a gateway to the Wraiths. The ODS noticed this, and hopped off the gunner's seat. He hopped in the driver's seat, and Andrew hopped out.

"Mate, what the hell are you doing?" he asked. Andrew couldn't reply, as a Wraith shot flew right over the structure, and the sky above the jeep darkened. It hit dead on, the jeep and the ODS exploded in a ball of orange and blue flame. The splash damage made Andrew fly back and drop his launcher. The Hell jumper's blood covered him, along with his own blood. He coughed, and all that came up was blood. The Spartan suddenly emerged from the structure, and saw Andrew on the ground. He ran up to him, asking him what happened.

"One of those Wraiths hit it. I wasn't on board but that ODS was." The sky darkened again, except this time it was a Pelican dropping a tank. Andrew climbed aboard, as he was ordered to by the pilot. He waved to the Master Chief, weakly, and the Pelican flew off. Andrew grabbed one of the medical kits off the wall, searching for anything to use, other than bio foam. He was just about to remove some painkillers, when the Pelican was suddenly hit several times from behind. It felt like it went into a tailspin, there was a large crash, and Andrew knocked his head against the wall, knocking him out.

He woke up in a small area, with purple walls and a narrow passageway. There was a huge, hairy creature armed with a weapon almost the size of him, looking in each of the rooms for some reason.

He suddenly realized where he was.

In a jail cell.

****NEXT CHAPTER: HIGH CHARITY.****

5. Chapter 5

****CHAPTER FIVE: HIGH CHARITY****

Private First Class Andrew Fitzgerald awoke in some type of a jail cell with purple fluorescent lighting. Instead of the usual titanium bars used, a purple translucent fluid blocked the exit of the prison cell. Fitzgerald's helmet was lying in a pile of dirt at the edge of the cell. He crawled over and reached for the helmet to put back on his head, when he heard a shout.

"Let me out of here you Covie bastards!"

He jerked his head around and saw a Brute staring down another marine stuck in a jail cell. He was obviously from a different squad, as Fitzgerald had never seen him before.

"_What _did you call me, human?" he replied, snarling and snorting. The hair that covered the body of a Brute was standing up with anger.

"I called you a bastard," replied the marine. "Got a problem?"

"In fact, I do. Open his cell!" barked the Brute with his animalistic growl. Another Brute guard stepped away from his cell, and stepped to one of the control panels at the end of the narrow hallway surrounded by prison cells. He typed in a code, and the marine's cell opened.

"Bring it on!"

The Brute lurched forward, and punched him in the face. Andrew couldn't quite see the results except for a blood spatter on the wall. The Brute backed up, and the marine was crawling on the floor of his prison cell, trying to recuperate after the punch.

"Leave him for the Jackals!" muttered the Brute. There was a ringing noise from the door at the top of the hallway. Suddenly, two Battle Rifle shots were fired, and killed the Brute who had beaten the marine. The Jackals preparing to enjoy their meal were disrupted, and leaped up from the prison cell and into the middle of the hallway. A grenade was tossed into the middle of their tight formation. It exploded, sending their limbs flying in different directions and splattering all over the prison. The Master Chief and several marines armed with Carbines and Plasma rifles ran forward, and we were released from our prison cells. Andrew picked up the Brute captain's Carbine rifle, and the remaining marines picked up plasma rifles and plasma pistols, as well as a few grenades. Andrew recognized one of the marines who rescued us. It was David, from the Cairo Station and New Mombassa.

"Hey," Andrew said.

He muttered back, "Hey," and ran off finding a new weapon. He picked up a plasma pistol from a dead Jackal, as the armory within the prison had been emptied. The squad went around introducing themselves. The highest rank was a Sergeant, and his name was Franc. The next was Corporal Santiago, who was a medic. There was a few Privates and Specialists, but not much else. They were apparently on High Charity, the Covenant capital city, and it was going to be infected by the Flood. They had to escape before the infection spread. After the instructions, they left the prison and entered the main room. It was a spiraling room, very large. There were hundreds of floors, each with an assortment of Covenant. There were large holes in the middle of the floors, an odd part of the architecture. Several Jackals cried out and ran for the squad of marines.

"Take cover!" shouted Sgt. Franc. The entire squad of marines ducked down behind bulkheads of the current floor they were on and managed to survive a volley of plasma pistol shots.

"Left flank! Open fire!" shouted Sgt. Franc. He was obviously a very wise man, as he could keep his cool under the amount of pressure he was under. His hair was graying at the tips, yet the top had a nice black overtone. His body armor was rusted and his beard had almost become full from a long time in captivity. Several marines next to Andrew stood up and began firing at the Jackals. Andrew remained behind cover.

"Hey, stupid! You're on left flank! Get up!" yelled Cpl. Santiago.

"Yes sir!" shouted Andrew in return. He leaped up and fired half of the Carbine clip, taking down one Jackal. He ducked down in unison with the rest of the flank.

"Right flank! Open fire!" shouted Sgt. Franc.

"Man, are you crazy? You could've gotten us killed! Every soldier on every flank needs to participate! If one fails to do so, it creates an opening!" shouted Cpl. Santiago at Andrew.

"Yes, sir! I understand sir!" Andrew shouted back.

"Right flank! Open fire!" shouted Sergeant Franc. Andrew and the rest of his flank hopped up and opened fire onto the remaining Jackals, finishing them off. The squad regrouped in between the bulkheads, and Sergeant Franc began speaking.

"Alright, marines, we're going to use those lifts nearby to make it to the second floor. Then, we're going to clear it of all contacts so we won't have trouble on the top floor, and we can remove ourselves from the prison," he stated. Suddenly, a pale, purple laser split into one of the soldier's skulls, and he fell forward, dead.

"Sniper!" shouted Cpl. Santiago. The squad took cover behind their flanks again. Sgt. Franc and David were on the left side this time; Cpl. Santiago and Andrew were on the right with two other marines.

"Santiago! You and your flank run for the lifts! We'll cover you! Take out the sniper once you're up there!" shouted Franc. Santiago nodded, and then him and his squad ran along the wall of the current floor to the lifts, and were tossed upward by an unseen force. There was shouting, and gunfire. Then, there was silence.

"This is Cpl. Santiago—we're okay. No one seriously injured. We've got a guy locked dead on him. How're you guys doing?" crackled over the COM.

"This is Sergeant Franc. Our headcount is four, and yours is three, correct? We're okay down here. Get him, now!" replied Franc.

Two carbine shots disarmed the Jackal, and sent him falling through the floors flailing his arms helplessly.

"Alright!" shouted a marine. The squad ran forward, and up onto the second floor. A Brute ran forward, leaping madly. "He's closing in!"

The squad emptied their entire clips into him, but nothing stopped it. The Brute was just about to run into Andrew when Sgt. Franc jumped in front of it, and stuck a plasma grenade unto himself.

"Run away!" The entire squad did, and found a weapons cache in which to reload. They watched helplessly as Sgt. Franc exploded, killing the Brute, and himself in a horrible manner.

"Next floor! Press on!" shouted Cpl. Santiago. Andrew and the squad followed his orders, as Santiago collected Franc's dog tags. Franc's torso was the only thing left in a bloody heap of body parts and limbs.

The next floor was filled to the brim with enemies. Several Jackals rushed them, but were taken out by use of plasma rifles.

"Woo! These things give one hell of a kickback!" yelled a marine. They charged towards a lift, a large round purple piece of equipment which was surrounded by enemies. A Brute Captain fired a round from his Brute Shot, and the round exploded above the marines. They took cover behind weapon caches and bulkheads. More shots were fired, but the Brute eventually had to reload. That's when a marine who had collected the Jackal sniper rifle came into play. He deposited his plasma rifle on his side and fired one round, which pieced the Brute's skull and killed him. Two other Brutes went wild and charged the marines, but were easily bought down by carbine shots due to his distance.

"Only three Jackals and a couple of Drones left! Use your pistols!" shouted Santiago. He looked unhappy; he and Franc must've been close. Then again, even though most of the marines had only known Franc for about a half an hour, the loss of him still affected everybody. Why would he sacrifice himself in such a gruesome manner for marines who wouldn't go on to do much, anyway? Then it struck Andrew. The marines were brothers. They would do whatever it took to help each other. At this thought, Andrew stood up and killed a Jackal with an overcharged shot from his plasma pistol, as well as a few Drones with single shots. He deposited his pistol, and removed his rifle. The squad charged forward yet again, and was lifted upwards into a circular room with one door. Two Elites were there, dead. They were both honor guards. A Brute captain lay in one corner, his head removed. Suddenly, two Elites and a swarm of Drones came rushing out of the door ahead of the marines. The Elites were fending off the Drones, but were eventually overpowered. Both of them were low ranking Elites. The Drones then turned their attention towards the marines who opened fire, killing a few in the swarm. They covered the marines, confusing them, but were eventually bought down. Six Jackals rushed out of the door to try and eat their meals, as well as a Brute captain to survey the damage. They were easily dealt with, since they did not expect resistance.

"Alright! Before we move through those doors, check casualties!" shouted Cpl. Santiago. Andrew stood up from his crouching position with the rest of his squad and surveyed the room. Two marines were found dead—one of those David. Andrew dropped to his knees and stared at David's blood corpse desolately. He couldn't say anything. He couldn't do anything. All he felt was the painful depression of losing the closest thing he had to a friend in the Marine Corps.

"Hey, kidâ€|" Santiago walked over to him, put his hand on Andrew's shoulder, and kneeled down next to him. "You alright?"

"He'sâ€|dead. He's dead. The Covenant killed him. He's dead," replied Andrew, entering a state of shock.

"Yeahâ€|yeah, man. It happens. We've lost three guys already man. Don't worry. We'll get out of here. Alright? We'll get those Covie bastards for this."

"Hell yeah! Let's kick some ass!" shouted a marine. "Mess with the best, die like the rest!"

"Let's move it boys!" shouted a bloodthirsty Santiago. Andrew still did not move. "Marine! You in or out?"

Andrew sat there for a few more seconds, when he felt the rage of losing David flow through him, giving him the strength to pick up his rifle and join the rest of the squad.

"Let's kick some ass," muttered Andrew, fiercely. The squad seemed to smile at this comment, and walked through the doors ahead of them. The room was a large hallway, with two sections of higher ground. A Brute and several Jackals were up ahead kicking at the dead bodies of Elites they had killed.

"Let's split up on the higher groundâ€|two on each side. Go!" whispered Santiago, sharply. The marines jumped onto the higher ground, and wisped forward quickly. The Jackals and Brutes didn't even know what hit them. The squad cheered, restocked on ammo, and went into the next room. It was a repeat of the last one. They did the same strategy several more times, until they finally came into the last room of High Charity. It was a circular room, most likely used by the prophets as a recreational area. It was very large; the marines learned by how many enemies were in the room. Two Hunters were busy fighting a pack of Brutes, while the Elites busied themselves with the Drones and Jackals.

"Say back, marines. Let them fight, and once they're done, we'll charge in and take them out," stated Santiago. The marines watched them fight from a safe distance, and the Elites and Hunters emerged victorious. The marines rushed forward, firing wildy. One of the Elites was easily taken down due to a weak shield generator, but the rest were much tougher. The marines fell one after one, along with the Covenant, until only Andrew and Santiago were left. They both took down the remaining two Elites within the room, and set their rifles at ease.

"We lost all of them, Andrewâ€|" sighed Santiago. "Let's go. Evac's waiting for us."

"Yes sir, Corporal," replied Andrew. They walked towards the doors that led outside of High Charity, when suddenly, they opened from the outside, and an Honor Guard Elite walked through the doors and released a blood curdling roar. It held a sword in its hand, and charged forward, when suddenly, the Master Chief, who had been gone since the Drone rush, burst through the doors with a sniper rifle, and fired four shots into the Elite's head, killing it. Andrew and Santiago turned around, and saluted the Master Chief.

"Good job, marines," he said. "Let's get you guys back home. I still have work to do."

Andrew and Santiago walked through the doors and saw a Pelican hovering slightly off the ground in front of them. Several marines, including Sergeant Avery Johnson, were waiting for them.

"Let's go boys. You've worked hard today," said Sergeant Johnson. And with that, Andrew and Santiago entered the Pelican and flew back to base.

****THE END****

End
file.